20 Pages.

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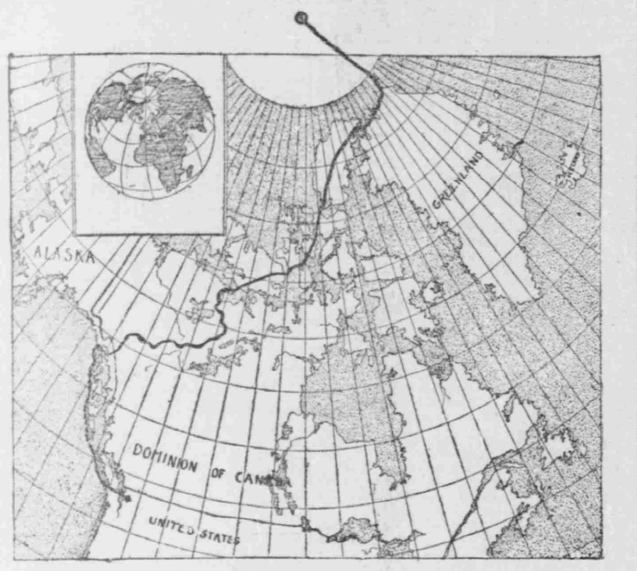
Easy to Reach the North Pole.

How Two Klondikers Propose to do it—Will Travel Northward Almost Wholly Overland—Experienced Gained Through Long Alaskan Journeys in Search of Gold to be Utilized—Starting at Juneau, They Will Cross British Territory.

(Copyright 1900 by R. L. Jones.)

Mark Rumsey and Harold Sorenson, now in Seattle, but fresh from the Klondike country, rich in Arctic enthusiasm and with abundant means acquired in gold digging, have just completed plans for a novel expedition to the far north. They reject all former plans for reaching the pole as entirely unworkable. As they express it, they propose to go back to first principles and deal with the matter along simple, practical lines. They will travel overland, using sledges drawn by dogs and will establish stations along their route sufficiently close together to insure an open line of communication at all times. Supplies sufficient for all contingencies will be stored in the station and some of them will be tenanted for protracted periods by one or more men each.



PROPOSED "STAGE ROUTE" TO THE POLE.

Rumsey and Sorenson believe their scheme to be the only one that promises certain success. One might as well endeavor to sail across the plains of our western states, says Rumsey, as to try to cross the polar seas in ships. This has been proved by the signal failure of every sailing expedition to the far north. Many of the vessels have been hopelessly locked in the ice floes and many have been crushed while the hopes of those who expected to drift northward in the pack have failed in every instance.

Not Without Experience.

Though wholly unknown as explorers, Rumsey and Sorenson are by no means without experience as arctic travelers. They have journeyed hundreds of miles over the icy regions of Alaska in search of the precious metal, traversing hills, plateaus and frozen rivers, with no human companion save an Esquimau guide, with their supplies carried on dog sledges, and they are basing their hopes upon their own experiences. Snow and ice have lost their terror for these men. All they want is sufficient fresh food and a pack of good dogs.

With these they claim they will be able to travel indefinitely. The question of human endurance on a trip such as they propose has been settled by the intrepid Peary, who twice forced a path of more than a thousand miles across the bleak reaches of Northern Greenland. Moreover, Dr. F. A. Cook, whose experience in both Arctic and Antarctic explorations qualifies him to speak authoritatively on the subject, has recently stated that the only way the North Pole will ever be reached is by walking to it. But while the plan of Rumsey and Sorenson includes practically the same idea, it is safe to say it was developed by them long before Dr. Cook's scheme was publicly announced. Besides their plan includes some points not indicated by Dr. Cook. They dispense entirely with the old sail boat idea, starting overland; and, like railroad builders pushing their way across a new continent or a well managed army invading hostile territory, they will keep open a certain and safe route for retreat if necessary and will be followed by a constantly advancing stream of supplies.

Mr. Rumsey may fairly be considered the leader of the expedition. He is a man of wide reading and is particularly well informed in the history of Arctic exploration. As a boy he was intensely interested in the adventures of Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane, and even then resolved to lead an expedition to the frozen north if fortune should ever allow him to make the attempt. He is now 45 years old and his interest in the cherished idea of his youth has grown stronger with age. Sorenson is a young man of Scandinavian descent, who met Rumsey in Alaska. They were members of the same camping party, and when the cold and ice of the Klondike made their companions give up further travel, they cast their fortunes together and started alone on their trip over the inhospitable country.

At first their search for gold met with little success, so they resolved to go on further, where few white men had ever set foot, and finally found the yellow metal in sufficient quantities to make them independently rich. Their experiences quickened their desire for further explorations, and they made up their minds to travel northward to the utmost limit. Finding that they could not accomplish all they desired single handed, they retraced their steps, resolved to return to civilization and prepare for an expedition to the pole along the lines they had personally found practical.

During their travels in the far northwest they acquired much information which will aid them in their coming work. They visited several of the military posts and forts which the British maintain in that country. From the officers at these forts and from the surrounding Indians they secured intelligence regarding the frozen country beyond. It is a part of the plan to use the British outposts as the southern bases of supplies while the explorers are pursuing their travels to the north, and the British officers, who have become greatly interested in the expedition, have promised hearty co-operation.

Supply Stations and Route.

The more southerly stations will be built of heavy timber, and each will contain large stores. Further north of necessity they will be built of snow and ice, and will be much smaller. Structures of this character are easily erected and can be shifted if occasion demands. It is immaterial where they are built or where they are moved so long as the party ahead is informed of their whereabouts.

The route of the expedition, so far as mapped, is about as follows: From Seattle they will go by boat to Juneau, Alaska, the real starting point. Proceeding east, they will avoid any hard mountain work by going to the south of Chilkoot pass, crossing the Lewis river near Katchee lake. From there they go around the Blue mountains at the north, breaking through the range in the narrow valley where lies Lake Franses. At Fort Franses, on the banks of the lake, they will establish the first permanent station. The second station will be at Fort Simpson, which is a little more than 200 miles to the north. Here they will cross the Mackenzie river and go east, following the waters of Lake La Matre. At the headwaters of this lake they design to build a station, probably at one of the new forts there. From that point they plan to go eastward to Fort Enterprise, on Lake Providence, where the last outpost station will be located. Thereafter the stations will be nearer together. The line of their further route, as planned, follows down the Copper Mine river. From its mouth they will follow the west short line to the narrows of Union strait; this they cross, leaving the continent and touching the first island of the Arctic arch pelago.

Following a northeasterly course across Prince Albert Land, they will come to the McClintock channel, which is full of small islands, making the crossing to the Prince of Wales island an easy matter. They purpose establishing a station in this section of their route at about every 100 miles. They will reach the isle of Boothia, on which the magnetic pole is located, by crossing the Franklin strait, and it is their hope to build a permanent depot of supplies on this island. From here they swerve northward, crossing Bellot strait to North Summerset island, and then across the Barrow strait to North Devon island. Supply stations will be established on both of these islands. Here the course turns more directly north, aiming at the narrows of Jones' sound. This brings them to a long stretch of land separated from Greenland by a series of straits and channels. This land bears many names and has been but little explored. Here the supply stations will probably be no more than sixty or seventy miles apart. At the north end the island all but joins the mainland of Greenland. The course as mapped out crosses this channel at this point, and from Cape Kane they plan to go due north over the great ice floes. As they approach the pole, stations will be established still more frequently. The one nearest the pole may not be more than fifteen or twenty miles away from it.

Simplicity of the Scheme.

This route differs from those of all previous polar expeditions in that it holds to land as far as possible. The earlier course is along interior waterways, and small portable boats can be used. The route over the archipelago has been carefully studied out, geographically, and while most of the straits and channels are ice covered nearly all the year, still if all were open the broadest body of water would be only about thirty miles. This could easily be crossed in their portable boats. Simplicity is a feature of the whole scheme. There is no vessel to be fitted out and stored with supplies and cumbersome apparatus. The essentials consist principally of a large store of provisions, dogs, sleds and a larger number of men than have been employed in any previous polar adventure. But, instead of being kept together, his men will be spread out along the route. At the various permanent stations there will be maintained at all times a virtually inexhaustible quantity of supplies, with plenty of men to carry them forward when necessary.

The outfit of the advancing party will be such as to allow rapid movement, though personal safety will not be sacrificed to speed. The men will, of course, be dressed in furs, and tents will be taken along, though they are to be used only when snow houses cannot be built. Fur sleeping bags and snow shoes will be provided. Each man will carry two Japanese punk boxes; these unique little devices for supplying heat were found of greatest comfort to these Alaskan explorers on their former long trips. A lighted stick of punk in one of these boxes will remain a live coal for about ten hours. The suits will be fitted with pouches, into which the boxes can be slipped and thus kept close to the body. No elaborate apparatus for the purpose of observing polar phenomena will be carried along. Nor will the leaders of the expedition burden themselves personally with an extensive supply of provisions. They will leave that part of the enterprise to their companions in the rear, while they devote their sole energy to planting the American flag upon the most northerly point of the globe.

The food provided will be substantial, consisting of cereals, meats and fish. Very little in the way of canned goods will be taken. The prepared concentrated foods have been tried by these adventurers and have not proved adequate. Much more endurance is derived from substantial fresh foods, and for this reason they will be carried, regardless of their additional weight. Oils will be used for cooking, and although matches are carried, flint stones will be taken as an extra precaution. Little else will be taken along save small photographic outfits, compasses and such necessary instruments as are needed by all explorers.

During the coming spring and summer Rumsey and Sorenson will revisit some of the forts and military posts of the Dominion to make arrangements for establishing the first supply stations. The actual start will be made as soon as possible after their work has been done. In speaking of the undertaking, Mr. Rumsey recently said: "Our plan is one of slow, but always positive movement. We may accomplish our purpose in three years and it may take us ten, but our ultimate success is assured. Our aim is not to achieve any new scientific results, but to prove that it is possible to establish in the way we propose a stage line to the north pole." RICHARD LLOYD JONES.

Knotty Naval Problem Solved.

Torpedoes Steered by Wireless Telegraphy—Ingenious Invention of Cecil Varicas, a Young Englishman—American Naval Attache At London Witnesses a Test—Hopes to Make Artillery Firing as Accurate as Torpedo Practice.

London, March 2.—Cecil Varicas, a young Englishman, of Spanish descent, believes he has solved one of the knottiest problems of modern naval warfare. As described in the patent granted to him first by the British government and later by the governments of the United States and other countries, his invention is a contrivance for electrically "controlling from a distance the steering gear of ships, torpedoes and other floating bodies." Should the invention have all the merit young Varicas claims, it will inevitably become an important element in future marine fights.

At the present time, though deadly when made to operate properly, the use of the torpedo and torpedo boat is much restricted. Not once during the Spanish-American war was either side able to employ them to advantage. There are many, indeed, who believe the torpedo the most terribly overestimated thing under heaven. The difficulty in getting it to go straight to the mark is enormous, and none of the contrivances for overcoming it has yet proved effective. Neither the plan for guiding the torpedo electrically by means of a wire attachment, nor the employment of a submarine torpedo boat is entirely satisfactory. In present conditions the most expert torpedo marksmen cannot guarantee one hit in five at the distance of half a mile, while he is obliged to admit that the odds are in favor of his being killed before he gets a chance to discharge one torpedo.

If the invention of Varicas be successful, however, it will be possible not only to hit the mark nine times in ten, but to do this without the terrible risk of human life now incident to the use of torpedoes in actual war, since they will be handled from the shore or the deck of a battleship hundreds of yards, or perhaps a mile, away.

The Geovil Test.

Young Varicas began to puzzle with his problem in the beginning of 1898. He had selected electrical study and investigation for his life work, and just at that time was much interested in wireless telegraphy. He made no experiments of consequence until after his patents had been granted, and the first test to be witnessed by officials on behalf of any government was made the other day at Geovil in Somersetshire, in the presence of Commander Colwell, United States naval attache at London. The test was also witnessed by A. C. Higgs, consular agent for the United States at Weymouth, who has aided the young inventor financially, and the writer. Like various earlier private tests, it was made with a small, specially built launch, the cost of a full sized torpedo ($2,000 or more) being prohibitive, and in order to insure smooth water, the launch was floated in the public bath at Geovil instead of in the sea at Weymouth nearby.

The pool of the Geovil bath is about 100 yards long and thirty yards wide. At one end was set up a transmitting apparatus (such as is used in wireless telegraphy) of small power. At the other end, low in the water by reason of its batteries, was the launch, forty-two by seven and one-half inches, propelled at a speed of about four knots an hour by an electric motor deriving its power from small cells. The launch contained a primitive receiver, capable of working an ordinary Morse writer at a distance of 100 yards. A short wire projected from the mast. In the launch the Morse writer was replaced by a rudder-turning contrivance. A spring attached to the rudder held it, normally, hard a'starboard. After close inspection of the launch and instrument ashore, Mr. Higgs turned on the motor in the launch, and it went scudding along, turning naturally to port. Commander Colwell stood by the transmitter. Young Varicas was beside him, nervously clutching the handle of a wheel attached to the instrument.

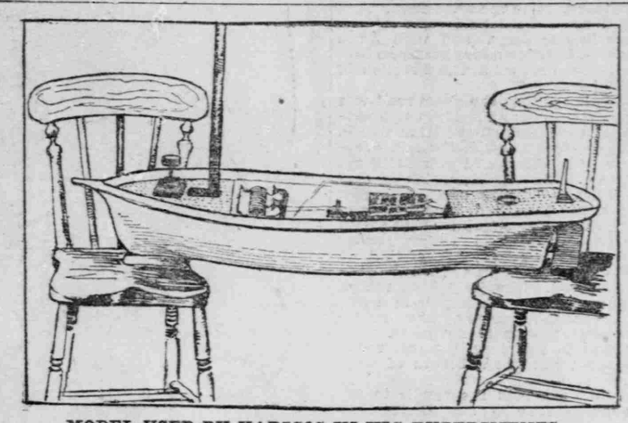
"First of all," said Colwell, "make it come straight up the pool."

Butt went the wheel, and little electric sparks flew freely. Quickly the launch forsook its port course and came straight as a die toward the inventor. It completed the course and answered the magic hand to perfection.

"Send her down again," said Colwell, "and I'll give you the directions."

"Port," said Colwell, as if talking to the man at the wheel. Round went the inventor's hand, and the launch flew over until she almost rammed her bow against the starboard side of the baths.

"Starboard," said the gallant commander, and before the launch had reached the end of the pool she was knocking her nose against the port walls. So far so good. She had answered her helm as if there had been a man aboard of her to fulfill the orders of the commander, yet the only connection she had with the shore was the wireless wave that shot out from the transmitter, ran down her mast and brought her rudder into the desired position.



MODEL USED BY VARICOS IN HIS EXPERIMENTS.

How the Invention Works.

The virtue of the Varicas invention lies in the wheel attached to the transmitter. By the handle of this wheel the operator or steersman moves to the right or left two conductors, which traverse the surface of a drum, which is kept revolving by clockwork. The surface of this drum consists half of carbon and half of copper, but the division is made not sharply in the middle, but in zigzags, the non-conducting carbon fitting in triangles into the conducting copper. Thus, as this drum revolves, the condition of the current depends upon the position of the conductors controlled by the steersman's hand. If he turns his wheel so that his conductors are in the middle of the drum, the current is broken evenly, the conductors touching carbon and copper, as they revolve under them, in equal proportion. This results in making the boat keep a straight course. If, on the other hand, the wheel sends the conductors almost entirely upon the carbon section of the drum, the longer resulting breaks in the current sends the boat to port, and vice versa when the conductors are chiefly passing over copper. In other words, the boat is steered according to the duration of the breaks in the wireless current. This sounds complicated, though it is a literal report of the inventor's attempt to put it plainly in lay language, and in practice it is so easy to understand that a child could work the apparatus, for all that has to be done is to turn the wheel one way and the boat follows the hand.

The technical name of the wheel is the "periodic interrupter," and its functions as technically described are "to give periodic interruptions corresponding to the periodic oscillations of the rudder, the successive periods of oscillations being so made and varied that the boat can be steered in any curve or in a straight line."

Details of the Trial.

Commander Colwell made Varicas live up to his promises. The little launch was sent up and down the bath, turning and swerving at the word of command. A small stick was thrown into the water and the order was to bring the launch from the opposite end and hit the stick. This maneuver was successfully performed. The wire at the masthead was taken down, and the same performance gone through. A few hours of this was sufficient to convince the most skeptical observer that it was perfectly feasible to control craft on the surface of the water by means of wireless power ashore. The contention of the inventor that the distance at which that control might be exercised only depended upon the power provided ashore, and on the same basis it seems quite reasonable that there is practically no limit to the size of the vessel controlled. The great drawback was the utter unsuitability of the model to submerged trials. As it was an open launch these were impossible, but the inventor maintained that the apparatus had been found on experiment to work as well under water as on the surface. From a government or practical point of view, however, further trials in presence of experts will have to take place before this most important point can be settled.

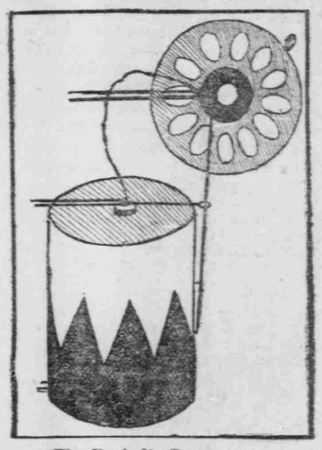
It is said that the launch has been successfully tried in the sea on two occasions, despite the weakness of the shore battery, and has been made to describe various figures around a buoy and other objects. Young Varicas says he is not dependent upon any particular system of wireless telegraphy, any one that will work a Morse writer being applicable. He claims to have made provisions for hostile interference with currents. The witnesses of the trial were favorably impressed on the whole, despite the present undeveloped stage of the invention, which is largely due to lack of funds, though, of course, no sweeping conclusions can yet be declared and the nature of Commander Colwell's report is still undecided.

The invention is intended primarily for torpedoes, yet if perfected it will be just as valuable for crewless torpedo boats, and floating submarine mines as torpedoes. In its use for torpedoes the instruments that were in the model at Geovil would simply be transferred to the torpedo. Their weight can be brought within five pounds, but even this small additional weight would require the lengthening of every torpedo in existence, so finely adjusted are they as to flotation. Still, if they can be discharged and guided by the cool judgment and steady hand of a man safe ashore, instead of by the nervous hand of a man who knows he is going to almost certain death, and having only a vague idea of the direction of the projectile he fires at such awful risks, why, then, any expense would be paltry to governments or torpedo makers.

Difficulties to Overcome.

The difficulty that is the hardest to overcome in ether wave steering of this kind is what wireless telegraph experts call "jamming." Any one can produce ether waves by means of an ordinary induction coil, a contact breaker and small battery power in circuit. The question, then, that naturally suggests itself is, "Will not the ether wave detecting apparatus in the steering gear of the torpedo or boat be sensitive to any ether waves in its vicinity?" and there the inventors halt for an answer. What is lacking is syntonized or tuned receivers, and, there is not room for these in the small spaced allowed in a torpedo. If the ship toward which a torpedo is to be steered by ether waves has on board an induction coil in battery circuit—which can be made to work automatically—no ether steered torpedo can reach its mark. It would be as useless as a wooden buoy. Another induction coil working within range of sensibility of the detector will completely jam the receiver.

Furthermore, up to date no inventor has succeeded in sending ether waves of this kind through more than a foot of water. What does this mean to the torpedo steerers? The torpedo must either float on the surface of the water or have a conducting connection from its depth in the water to the surface above. But in both cases the possibility of "jamming" would be the same.



The Periodic Interrupter.

There are many interesting problems yet to be solved in connection with this wonderful new force in the ether, and, though we may not be on the verge of realizing such revolutions in naval warfare as the success of such an invention as that of Varicas would bring about, yet the experiments already undertaken indicate that sooner or later they will come to pass.

Young Varicas is the son of a civil engineer living at Weymouth near Geovil. The father has worked as hard on the invention as the son. They have little means and have been helped financially by one or two residents of Weymouth, besides Consular Agent Higgs.

Dawson Before the Fire.

Cy Warman Describes the Famous Bonanza Camp—Soil is Fertile and Diversified Crops Can be Grown.

(Copyright, 1900, by Cy Warman.)

While the world is filled with sorrow,
And hearts must break and bleed,
It's day all day in the daytime,
And there is no night in Creede.

A green garden set high on a hill, like a picture on an easel, was the strange sight I saw from my stateroom window as Dawson dawned upon my view, at 5:30 of an August morning, and, of course, before the fire that recently devastated the place.

It had rained in Dawson the day before. The hills were all washed clean. The little garden, facing the east, bathed in sunlight, smiled down on me like a pretty girl in the gallery. Klondike City was slipping by us, and just below, over a wide gravel-bar, the crystal Klondike rushed in, making a wide, green path far out in the gray waters of the Yukon. Just below the mouth of that far-famed river the city of Dawson begins. It has all come into view so suddenly and we sweep down the swift stream so rapidly that one finds it bewildering. After 500 miles of almost houseless shore, this imposing camp, with its shipping, floating wharfs and great iron warehouses, was a revelation. At the upper end of the town are the government buildings, the prison and the barracks, where the mounted police live.

Almost a mile of houses, all sorts, shapes and sizes, are ranged along the embankment facing the river. These are the principal business establishments of the town—hotels, shops of all kinds, saloons, dance halls, banks and barber shops. It is a weird picture, a wonderful panorama that passes our window as we drop down stream. There goes a milk wagon drawn by seven dogs, a perfect little wagon, and the dogs have harnesses with collars and harness, like the harness of a horse. It reminds me of Austria and Bohemia, only there are no women in harness here. A tall girl in a red wrapper and a miner in a white hat are waltzing on the sidewalk in front of a dance hall. Although it is barely 6 o'clock, all the shops are open. The clerks and shopkeepers are out, looking at the steamer as she glides down to her dock. Men are hurrying down to the wharf to meet friends and loved ones they left behind. A well-dressed woman looks anxiously up at the purses as the boat gently up at the purser as the boat and a shadow settles on the hopeful, almost happy, face as the woman turns away.

Diversified Greetings.

Now the women, who have made the long journey of thousands of miles to join their husbands, come from their cabins clad in neat traveling gowns that have not been worn on the whole trip. A new hat, a fresh ribbon here and there, a happy smile, all kept back for this one joyful moment. "Huh," I heard a woman say; "how funny he looks in that horrid hat." A man kissed his child, held it off and gazed at it through tear-dimmed eyes, and was "baby."

I tried hard to realize that this big boy was my own kid on des boat?"

The boat had scarcely ceased rocking when Jim and I walked ashore. Two handsome, clean-faced young soldiers of the mounted police force were toiling along the strand with a drunken man between them. These fine young men do the police duty in Dawson. It is not a pleasant duty, but, since they must perform it, they do it well, and win the respect and sympathy of all classes of citizens. Verily, there is no night in Dawson. The men at the gaming tables are changing shift, but the games go on. "They hanged two Indians and a white man last week, and started a daily paper." That was a news item given the captain of our boat by a man who came on board. Just as we entered our hotel a Swede flagged us:

"Have yeh seen yaller-hair woman wi' one kid on des boat?"

"Yes," said Thompson. "Freckled kid with his nose skinned."

"Val, ha's been baby when a see 'em last, but a tank he would have ha's nose skin by des time."

Hotel Life in Dawson.

"There is no lock on my door," said I to the young woman who was head clerk and half owner in the hotel.

"Oh, well—we'll give you a better room as soon as one is vacant."

"But in the meantime," I explained, "anyone can come up the back stairs and step into my room—it won't even latch."

The clerk smiled.

"Well," she said, as she changed a $100 bill, taking out $1.50 for the man's breakfast, "I guess we'll have to put locks on all our doors. People seem to expect it. The fact is," she went on, "we have been in such a rush that we had not thought of it. But things are changing. People are coming in from the east, and now—I suppose we'll have to lock up."

She did not mean to be discourteous. She simply indicated a well known condition. So long as a mining camp is occupied by miners, mountaineers, pioneers and prospectors, no one ever thinks of locks. It is the coming of the cultured tenderfoot, the Cheechawko, that makes bolts necessary. Even the Indians were reasonably honest with each other until we began to civilize them.

I see nothing here marked less than a quarter. That is the price of a four-page paper. At Seattle the penny passes out of use, at Skagway the nickle, and at Dawson the dime. But prices are dropping rapidly here. Fresh signs in the restaurants read: "Meals only $1." In some places they are but 75 cents, with drinks in one of the best hotels in town, I pay $5 a day for a small room, but it is clean. Meals are $1.50, table d'hote, but they are excellent. If you want a spring chicken it will cost you $6. It costs 50 cents to quench at all first-class bars. Here is a copy of a typewritten bill of fare, verb. et lit.:

Anheuser Busch or Schalitz Beer
per quart $4.00
Labatt's English ale, per pint $2.50
Guinnesses Extra Stout, per pint ..$2.50

GRILL ROOM AND CAFE.
Cox & Gates, Proprs.
Dinner 5 to 8 p. m. $1.50.

SOUP.
Beef broth Anglaise, consomme.

FISH.
Boiled king salmon hollandaise.

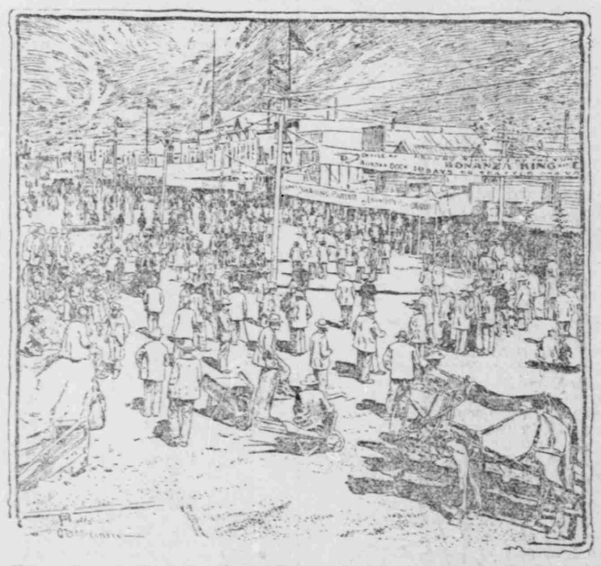
ENTREES.
Curried Lobster with rice.
Breast of lamb with French peas.
Bell fritters, maple sauce.

ROASTS.
Prime ribs of beef au jus.
Veal with dressing.

VEGETABLES.
Boiled and mashed potatoes.
Green peas.

DESSERT.
Assorted pies. Assorted cakes.
Lemon ice cream.

EXTRAS.
Cucumbers 50c. Radishes 50c.
Lettuce 50c.
DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.



Front Street, Dawson City, Where the Town Was at Its Best.

A Dawson Garden.

I spoke to Dr. B. enthusiastically about the little green garden on the hill, and now we are going up the Klondike to see the garden. It costs a quarter to walk across the suspension bridge that spans the little river. The day is delightful, but my mind is constantly reverting to a powerful beautifully worded description that I have been reading of the Klondike by a gifted author who has never seen the country. I shall quote bits of his description as I go, setting them side by side with the thing as I see it.

"It is a grim country, a country of extremes."

Despite the recent rain, the Klondike is crystal clear, the trail is washed clean. In a picturesque cabin beside the path, a woman is singing her baby to sleep, and over the willows is wafted the sound of tinkling bells. In front of a little road side shop a man is candling a crate of eggs—holding them one by one between him and the sun. They are worth $1.50 a dozen.

"There is little vegetable mould, and plant life is sparse."

Here, in the Klondike vale, I find a miniature field of oats. The well filled heads come up to my shoulders. The grain is in the dough—it will be ripe in a week. Since this was written I have seen a news dispatch which read as follows: "Recent experiments with grain growing and market gardening in the Yukon valley, not far from Dawson and the center of the Klondike region, give promise of fresh vegetables for the miners, before long, produced in their own neighborhood. Wheat, oats, and barley, all planted late in May and harvested about the middle of August, have reached Duluth, as a sample of what has been done in the Klondike region. All of the grain is fully matured, and of good quality. Of course, many vegetables can be grown still more readily than such cereals.

"Gnats and mosquitoes move to and fro in dense clouds during the summer, and add to the many discomforts and discouragements of the region."

The burro, the husky and the siwash, are the only insects I have seen thus far in or about Dawson. Not a gnat. Not so much as one widowed, melancholy mosquito have I seen here.

"Life is a warfare."

Sitting in the hillside garden, overlooking the beautiful Klondike, with its picturesque ferry and trim boats gliding down stream; the song of a brook nearby, the murmur of the river below, the soft winds freighted with the fragrance of flowers, the scent of sweet peas and the perfume of the pine, it seems to me that if man had money enough to keep him from pining for the "creeks," and mosquitoes enough to keep him from brooding, life here, in summer at least, would be one grand, sweet song.

Leaving the garden we climb up over a shoulder of the big hill that curves round Dawson. At the summit we find some rustic seats beside the trail. We wonder who ever took the time to build them, when labor in the mines, until recently, had been worth $15 a day. Nearby there is a sun dial, marks N. W. M. P., and we know that the police, who are always doing something—blazing a trail, bridging a stream or marking a mud hole—have put these things here.

Overlooking Dawson.

Our trail lies along an almost level stretch of table land. There are a great many cabins along the trail, but very few people. Some of the cabins are very pretty. Many have double walls, filled with dirt between. Over the door of one rustic letters are fixed to spell "Iowa."

Here under the aspen trees or cottonwood and spruce, moss is found in thick tufts like green bunches of swamp grass near the edge of a swamp. It is this thick blanket of moss that keeps the sun from the earth and holds the frost in the ground. When the moss is removed the earth thaws out in the summer, for the days are long here, and as warm as they are in Colorado.

Now we come out on the brow of the hill overlooking Dawson. The view is unbroken. Here, to our left, rushes the clear Klondike, and yonder at the farther end of the town, the mighty Yukon, curving with a sweep sublime, glides away among the hills on the long journey to the ocean, nearly 2,000 miles away.

Between the town and the foot of the hill there is a wide stretch of level, marshy land. This was a quagmire a year ago. Now it has all been drained—we can see the drains and ditches from the hilltop—and you can walk or ride all about.

My friend and companion, Dr. B., points out two hospitals—that have cost over $50,000—both empty. One is for typhoid fever patients. Only three cases there. "Why," said the doctor, "Dawson today is the most vulgarly healthy town on the continent."

CY WARMAN.

Marks of Aristocracy.

(Detroit Journal.)

In the society drama, Gladys, the thin thoroughbred, has scorned the suit of Harold, in that he isn't anybody who is anybody.

"Then I shall go to the dogs," protests Harold.

In Gladys' glorious eyes glistens a tear, for she really loves this man.

"It is not enough!" she replies, sadly. "For you need to be very epigrammatic, as well as very immoral!"

It is extremely difficult to break into the exclusive set, in the drama.

Misplaced.

(Chicago Tribune.)

The girl in the golf cape turned partly around to scrutinize the attire of the girl in the fur jacket, and in consequence she slipped and fell on the muddy crossing.

Meanwhile the girl in the fur jacket passed on.

"That wouldn't have happened if she'd had a little more rubber on her heels and a little less in her neck," she said.

The Bubbling Caldron.

(New York Press.)

The Chicago actress, seized by the Cannibal horde, struggled appallingly. "Unhand me, villains!" she shrieked.

"Not on your life!" observed the royal presence. "Chop off her tootsies. They would keep the cover off, anyhow."

From which it appears that the vocabulary of the footlights is not unsusceptible of unsophisticated misconstruction.

Well Prepared.

(Current Literature.)

A visitor at a school during a geography lesson asked a child: "What is the axis of the earth?" "An imaginary line passing from one pole to the other, on which the earth revolves," answered he proudly. "Yes," said his examiner, well pleased, "and could you hang a bonnet on it?" "Yes, sir." "Indeed! And what kind of a bonnet?" "An imaginary bonnet, sir."

Saw Lots of It There.

(Life.)

The American—You have no idea of the immense wealth of this county until you've traveled over it.

The Foreigner—Oh, yes, I have. I've lived in Europe.

A Probable Result.

(Baltimore American.)

Askit—What will be the result of these Kansas editors and preachers changing places?

Tellit—The people will put pumpkins in the contribution plates and pay subscriptions in suspender buttons.